

# Father, how wide thy glory shines!

Isaac Watts

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #57

Watt's Hymns, Book 1, HYMN 46 PART 1

Father, how wide thy glories shine!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill,  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Our souls are filled with awe divine  
To see what God performs.

When sinners break the Father's laws,  
The dying Son atones;  
O the dear myst'ries of his cross,  
The triumph of his groans

Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heav'nly plains;  
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

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How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;  
Their motions speak thy skill;  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands  
On all thy creatures writ;  
They show the labour of thy hands,  
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms;

Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest stains.

O! may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song;  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.